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HOW MANY MARYS HAVE WE HERE?

—BY—

LINDSEY BARBEE



PRICE 35 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio

and

Denver, Colo.

944 So. Logan Street

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW OF THESE NEW PLAYS

Training Mary

By Mary Shaw Page. A bright 1-act play with simple stage setting. William, husband of Mary, essays to train Mary, especially along the lines of correcting carelessness. As is always the case, William gets in deep water, but finally wades out. 2 males, 4 females, and plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Hired Man's Courtship

By Alice Cripps. A short comedy-drama in 2 acts. Captain Edwards tires of wealth and the city, and procures work on Horton's farm, only to find that the farmer's daughter is an old sweetheart. Because of an intrigue on the part of the captain's cousin, an estrangement takes place, which ends happily when the captain finds the source of certain stories and refutes them. Aunt Hepsy, Jim and Ezra (colored), add comedy to the play. Plays about 45 minutes, and is for 3 males and 3 females. Price, 25c.

Merely Anne Marie

A comedy in 3 acts by Beulah King. 3 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. The scenes are laid in a fashionable boarding house, and the characters are all distinct types and worth while. A successful playwright, desiring to escape notoriety, seeks seclusion at Mrs. Teague's and becomes the hero of Anne Marie, the dining room maid. The dialogue is bright, the situations clever and the story ends happily. 35c.

A Bit of Scandal

By Fannie Barnett Linsky. Comedy-drama in 2 acts. Francina, who is to play at the recital, composes her own number. On the evening of the recital, Mary Sherman, who precedes her on the program, plays Francina's compositions, which she has stolen. The reasons for the theft all come out later and of course, all ends well. Nine characters. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Miss Burnett Puts One Over

By Ethelyn Sexton. A rollicking 1-act girls' play for 6 characters. Barbara's mother has a friend, Ann Burnett, who is to visit the girls at college, with the intention of giving a generous sum to the school. The girls, wishing to gain her good will, practice their "manners." Miss Burnett, however, appears in disguise and has much fun at their expense. All ends well and the school gets the money. Plays about 45 minutes. Easy setting and costumes. Price, 25c.

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PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
Franklin, Ohio also Denver, Colo.

Cast of Characters

MISS WAVERLEY Athletic Instructor

MADGE
MARGERY } Of Mac
MAY

PAULA }
JEAN } Of Wac

MARY SMITH Captured by Mac

MARY SMITH Captured by Wac

SIDNEY }
SAM } Supporters of Mac
HAL }

BOB }
DON } Supporters of Wac

MRS. WOOD The Chaperon



SCENE—A Junior High School

TIME—The present.

TIME OF PLAYING—About 1¾ hours.



ACT I. The opening dance of the school year.

ACT II. A week-end party in the mountains.

(The curtain is lowered for a moment during this act to indicate a passage of time.)

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Story of the Play

Two rival athletic clubs for girls, known respectively as the Macs and the Wacs, hear that an entering student by the name of Mary Smith is of unusual athletic prowess, and, immediately, each side determines to win her. Mary Smith materializes and is at once asked to be a member of a house party for the Macs during the week-end, thus giving this club the first opportunity of pledging her. During the house party, the Macs discover that Mary Smith is not athletically inclined and has had no gymnasium training, that some mistake has been made; but in a subsequent scare, in which a bandit figures conspicuously, she proves so capable and so clever in causing the downfall of the intruder, that, in an ecstasy of delight, the girls pledge her, ignoring her lack of athletic training.

The bandit proves to be a disguised supporter of the other club, the Wacs; and in the midst of the excitement the Wacs appear, introducing with great pride another Mary Smith, whom *they* have pledged. Consternation reigns; and as a fitting climax word comes that the *real* Mary Smith—the athletic wonder—has gone to another school.

Synopsis

ACT I. The Macs and the Wacs engage in a spirited search for the elusive Mary Smith.

ACT II. A bandit—a pledging—and the two Mary Smiths help to bring about a startling climax.

Characters and Costumes

In the first act, Miss Waverley and all the girls wear pretty, simple evening gowns, and the boys plain dark suits.

In the second act, MADGE, MARGERY, MARY and MAY appear in bloomers and middy blouses; PAULA and JEAN in coats and hats; MRS. WOOD in a plain dark gown. The boys wear rough outing clothes, with added accessories of mask, moustache, etc., for BOB.

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Properties

ACT I. Lanterns, pennants, palms, two settees, a chair. Loving cup and fan for MISS WAVERLEY. Letter in envelope for SAM.

ACT II. Two window seats, settee, large chair, table with lamp, magazines, etc. Navajo blankets, pillows, etc. Fireplace with simulated fire, curtains, rugs. Knitting and small knot of pink and blue ribbon for MADGE. Corn popper for MARGERY and MAY. Revolver for BOB. Letter for SAM.

Stage Directions

R. means right of stage; C., center; L., left; U. E., upper entrance; up-stage, away from footlights; down-stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

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How Many Marys Have We Here?

ACT I.

(Scene—One corner of the gymnasium of the Morey Junior High School is in gala attire. Colored lanterns are hung from the ceiling, gay pennants are everywhere. Between the two windows at the back of the stage is a long settee; and on the farther side of each window is a mass of palms. On the left side of the stage, a central door leads to an outside hall; down left is a small settee; down right is a chair. And as this is but one end of the room, the right of the stage goes on and on into the other part, which one cannot see.)

(To the sound of music the curtain rises; a gay little dance is in progress and the merry girls and boys pass to and fro and into the other end of the room. As MISS WAVERLEY, the popular instructor in gymnasium work, makes her way through the whirling throng and stands at the extreme left of the stage, lifting her hand for silence, the music ceases and the boys and girls crowd eagerly around her. In her hand she carries a silver loving cup. As soon as there is perfect quiet she speaks.)

MISS WAVERLEY—Every new student at Morey Junior High School is a guest of honor tonight. And because we hope that you will all be very interested in our gymnasium work, we have chosen this time to present to the winning team the reward of merit, (*She holds high the loving cup*) which takes the form of a loving cup. (*There is excited applause. When the noise dies down she continues.*) One of our teams for girls is the Morey Athletic Club, commonly called Mac; the other is the Waverley Athletic Club, or Wac, for short; and if a

new girl is found to excel in gymnasium work, she will be urged to join one, or the other, or both! (*She pauses and smiles.*) And when both teams desire to pledge her, we say that she is being "rushed"; and—hard as it is—she must choose the one or the other. (*Again pauses. There is an excited whisper.*) This cup is awarded each year to the club having the greatest number of athletic points for the previous year; and tonight we take pleasure in declaring the Macs victorious. (*A storm of applause—even whistles and cheers for MAC.*) Will Madge Miller, president of Mac, come forward and receive the trophy?

(*From the other end of the gymnasium, which cannot be seen, MADGE enters, very excited, very proud, and a bit flustered. Extending her hand, MISS WAVERLEY draws the girl to her side and gives her the cup. There are cries of "Speech! Speech!" MADGE glances timidly about her.*)

MADGE—I am sure that every member of Mac is very happy tonight over the winning of the cup. We have worked hard to make our points; we have tried to be fair and square; and whatever we have gained has been due to the help and the patience of Miss Waverley. (*She turns to her instructor with a pretty little bow. More applause. Again Miss Waverley holds up her hand.*)

MISS WAVERLEY—There is punch waiting for us at the other end of the gymnasium. Shall we all toast the Macs?

(*Surrounded by her admirers, she is borne away, Madge escorted by her partner and proudly bearing the cup, moves slowly off; and finally only a belligerent looking youth remains, who proceeds to beckon to a smiling and dapper satellite of Madge, who is just leaving the room. The belligerent youth who answers to the name of Hal, greets the satellite, whom we may call Sidney, with a scowl.*)

HAL—Feeling pretty gay tonight, aren't you, Sid?

SIDNEY—Why shouldn't I? *I'm* backing the winners, Hal.

HAL—Winners by a mighty few points.

SIDNEY—But winners just the same.

HAL—Who cares for an old cup?

SIDNEY—The ones who win it.

HAL—Well, it needn't make the Macs so snippy.

SIDNEY—Snippy? I'd call it peppy. (*Suddenly*) See here, Hal, you must have bet on the Wacs.

HAL—Who says I did?

SIDNEY—Nobody needs to say anything. That thundercloud scowl of yours is a dead give-away.

HAL—It's my scowl.

SIDNEY—Sure! Keep it.

HAL—Maybe I shall—and maybe I sha'n't.

SIDNEY—What do you mean by that?

HAL—I'm not saying.

SIDNEY—But you're hoping I'll ask you. Spit it out.

HAL—(*very wisely*) Rushing season isn't over yet.

SIDNEY—I know that as well as you.

HAL—And you're backing a last year's team.

SIDNEY—(*airily*) E-lu-ci-date!

HAL—Well—just suppose that Wac gets all the good girls.

SIDNEY—Why Wac instead of Mac?

HAL—(*lowering his voice impressively*) Because Mac is a used-to-was.

SIDNEY—(*sharply*) See here—I don't like your tone.

HAL—(*sneeringly*) Truth hurts, doesn't it?

SIDNEY—(*ironically*) Oh, were *you* speaking the truth?

HAL—Of course, I didn't expect you to recognize it.

SIDNEY—(*warningly*) Remember, *I'm* for Mac.

HAL—Sure. And you ought to be pretty well informed about Mac.

SIDNEY—I am.

HAL—In that case, maybe you'll deny that the three big stars—the ones who made most of the points for Mac—moved on to high school.

SIDNEY—(*reluctantly*) Well—yes—

HAL—And that the cup was awarded for last year's record.

SIDNEY—Of course.

HAL—Well—last year's record isn't this year's record.

SIDNEY—Even my feeble intelligence grasps that.

HAL—And this year's cup happens to be awarded for last year's record.

SIDNEY—All this is tommyrot. Mac isn't forced to depend upon those three girls who have left.

HAL—Wait—and—see.

SIDNEY—Especially when every member is all pepped up over winning the cup.

HAL—Pep doesn't take the place of muscles.

SIDNEY—But muscles aren't much good without pep.

HAL—(*excitedly*) Now, look here, Sid. You know as well as I that Madge can't make a basket—that Margery loses her head—that May—

SIDNEY—(*with dignity*) Stop right there, Hal. And try to remember that *I'm* for Mac.

(*Enter Madge, accompanied by Margery and May, all admiring the cup, which Madge carries. Hal and Sidney move to left of stage.*)

MADGE—Who's talking about Mac?

HAL—Your loyal henchman.

MAY—(*sarcastically*) Oh, yes—the loyalty's fairly oozing, isn't it?

HAL—Oh, come now, May—

MARGERY—And you're just deliriously happy to see us with this cup—aren't you?

HAL—No use being snippy about it, Margery.

MARGERY—Snippy? (*Laughs.*) We're just teasing you, Hal.

MAY—And we're not blaming you for being loyal to the Wacs—

MADGE—Any more than we're blaming Sid for being loyal to the Macs.

SIDNEY—And, since the cup is ours, we can afford to be generous.

HAL—"There's many a slip—"

MAY—"Twixt the cup and the lip"? But we don't happen to be drinking from ours.

MADGE—Unless we choose to toast the Wacs. (*Lifts cup to her lips.*) Will you join us?

HAL—Rather. This time next year, we'll be toasting the Macs.

SIDNEY—Wait and see. Just—wait—and—see.

HAL—You bet I will. (*With a nod at the girls.*) So long. (*Exit—presumably to the other end of room.*)

MADGE—Hal certainly hates to see us with this cup. (*Crosses and seats herself at left.*)

SIDNEY—(*at center*) Not any more than I'd hate to see Wac with it.

MAY—(*with an approving pat on his shoulder*) You're a good sort, Sid. (*Seats herself by Madge.*)

MARGERY—(*who has been gazing into space*) I'm—afraid.

MADGE—Afraid? Afraid of what?

MARGERY—Afraid—of losing out.

MADGE—(*sharply*) Losing out—on what?

MARGERY—On the cup.

SIDNEY—(*standing by Margery*) See here, Marg, that's no nervy way to talk.

MARGERY—Of course it isn't—it's just practical. And unfortunately, I'm practical.

MAY—What has being practical to do with the cup?

MARGERY—Lots.

MADGE—For example?

MARGERY—It makes me realize that—in emergencies—sometimes I lose my head.

SIDNEY—Then—don't!

MARGERY—(*quickly*) So, you think so, too?

SIDNEY—I didn't say so.

MARGERY—But your tone did. (*Pauses.*) Well—I do.

MAY—And I'm not quick on my feet.

SIDNEY—Speed up, then.

MAY—Oh—so *you* think I'm slow.

SIDNEY—I didn't say so.

MAY—But you acted it.

SIDNEY—I did *not*. I—

MADGE—And I can't make baskets—I just can't—and I may as well own up to it.

SIDNEY—You can make 'em if you practice.

MADGE—(*aggrieved*) Well, I never thought that *you'd* go back on me, Sid. I never did.

SIDNEY—Who's going back on you? Great Scott! but you're all touchy. I'm just trying to help you—and—

MARGERY—(*dropping on chair*) Of course you are and we must face the fact that our star members have left, and that what's done this year *we've* got to do.

SIDNEY—That's the spirit. Keep it—and you'll win out.

MADGE—Oh, we *must* win out! (*As she raises the cup high*) We can't lose the cup.

SIDNEY—And we're not going to lose it. (*Dramatically waves his hand.*) Swear it!

MADGE—(*rising*) I *do* swear it! And I *will* learn to make my baskets—I will—I *will*! (*Raises her hand.*)

MAY—(*raising her hand*) And I'll be as fleet of foot as—as— (*hesitating*) Who was it that was fleet of foot? (*Rises.*)

MADGE—Diana.

SIDNEY—Artemis.

MARGERy—(*dryly*) Diana and Artemis happen to be the same person, dear children.

SIDNEY—What's that to us?

MARGERy—(*raising her hand*) And I shall keep my head—keep it nailed tight—with gold spikes—

SIDNEY—Brass tacks would be better.

MARGERy—So that it will never again leave my shoulders.

MAY—What'll *you* do, Sid?

SIDNEY—*Do*? Root for you a little harder than ever.

MARGERy—That will help.

MADGE—(*enthusiastically*) Let's say it all over again. (*Excitedly*) Baskets!

MAY—Feet!

MARGERy—Head! (*Rises.*)

SIDNEY—Pep!

MADGE—Do we swear it?

ALL—(*rising*) We swear! (*They join uplifted hands.*)

(*Enter Sam, hurriedly.*)

SAM—Hello, everybody!

MARGERy—(*as the circle breaks*) Where have you been all evening?

SAM—Just got here a few moments ago and haven't had a chance to see anybody.

MADGE—(*flourishing the cup*) Look!

SAM—(*shaking her hand*) Pretty work! (*Lowers voice as he takes envelope from pocket*) I've news.

MAY—News? Tell us.

(*They crowd around him. Hal tiptoes in, unseen, and after regarding them a moment, hides behind palms, from which he occasionally peeps during discussion.*)

SAM—I've a letter. (*Takes it from envelope.*)

MARGERY—From whom?

SAM—From Tom Tucker.

MADGE—Mac's former mascot.

SAM—Mac's mascot still.

MADGE—Why still?

SAM—Because he keeps on rushing and rooting for you. (*Hunts wildly for particular paragraph.*) Listen to this. (*Reads.*) "Here's some news that will interest the Macs—and if you're a good scout you'll help them out in it. A girl from here is entering Morey Junior High this fall. I don't know her myself, but they say she's a peach of a girl and a crackerjack athlete. Champion tennis player, center on the basketball team, and up on all gym stunts. Mac *must* get her." (*Pauses.*) Now, what do you think of that?

MADGE—Think? Why, we've got to have her—that's all.

SIDNEY—(*whistling*) Well, rather.

MAY—And the Wacs must not hear of her.

MADGE—(*seriously*) You never did tell us her name.

SAM—Sure enough—I didn't. Don't believe Tom mentioned it. (*Looks through letter.*) Oh, yes, here it is, in the postscript.

MARGERY—(*sarcastically*) Postscript! And they say that only girls indulge in postscripts. (*Sits in chair.*)

MAY—(*impatiently*) What's the name?

SAM—(*reading*) Mary Smith.

MADGE—Mary Smith! That isn't very distinguishing. (*Returns to settee.*)

MAY—Why, there might be a dozen Mary Smiths. (*Follows Madge.*)

SIDNEY—According to Tom, she's the only one in existence.

MARGERY—But how are we to find her?

MADGE—That's where the boys come in.

SAM—Come in—how?

MADGE—(to Sam) Tom said that if you were a good scout you could help—you know he did.

SAM—I'm not saying I won't—I'm asking you how.

MAY—Well, it seems that two boys ought to know *that* without bothering *us*.

MARGERY—And it isn't usually difficult for either of you to become acquainted with *any* girl.

SIDNEY—(nudging Sam) Depends on the looks of her—eh, Sam?

SAM—Tom says this one is a peach—and Tom's pretty keen on girls.

MADGE—You boys make me tired.

MAY—And if you don't want to help, why just say so.

SIDNEY—Can't you keep cool and try to see a joke?

SAM—We've stood by you all this time, and we're not very apt to back out now.

MARGERY—(who has been in deep thought) I have it!

MADGE—Have what?

MARGERY—An idea!

MAY—You look excited enough to have nabbed Mary Smith.

MARGERY—If you nab my idea, nabbing Mary Smith will come as a natural consequence.

MADGE—Then tell us—and tell us quick.

MARGERY—Simplest thing in the world. Ask Miss Waverley.

SAM—What has Miss Waverley to do with it?
(Moves to Margery.)

MARGERY—She has charge of registration—so, of course, she knows which one is Mary Smith.

MAY—And she can introduce her.

MARGERY—Exactly.

SAM—Pretty work. I have the next dance with Miss Waverley, and I'll put it through. (*Starts off.*)

MADGE—But wait just a minute.

SAM—(*turning*) Wait—for what?

MADGE—For question number two. If we *do* meet her, how shall we keep her from the Wacs?

MAY—They'll be wild to meet her.

MARGERY—And they'll get her dates.

MAY—And it will be a dreadful scramble between us.

MARGERY—I have it—again.

SIDNEY—This time what's coming? (*Sits between windows.*)

MARGERY—The pledging of Mary Smith—*that's* what's coming.

MADGE—Oh, tell us—tell us—tell us!

MARGERY—Simplest thing in the world. Ask her to the house party.

MAY—The house party?

MARGERY—*My* house party, that I'm having in the mountains over the week-end.

MADGE—But we've so little time.

MARGERY—Plenty of time. If the boys will find her right away, we'll invite her tonight, whisk her away tomorrow morning, pledge her before Monday, and save her from the Wacs.

SAM—Bully plan. We'll see it through—won't we, Sid? (*Crosses to Sidney.*)

SIDNEY—You bet. Especially, since we'll both be at the nearby camp at the same time the Macs are having their house party.

SAM—Hadn't thought of that.

MADGE—Oh, it does seem that everything is coming our way.

MARGERY—including Mary Smith.

(Music starts.)

MADGE—There! The dancing's begun again. I'll hurry back with the cup. *(Rises.)*

MARGERY—And I'll go with you. *(As the two girls hurry off, Margery turns.)* Now—work fast, boys.

SIDNEY—You bet we will.

SAM—Wait a moment, Marg. *(Exit with Margery and Madge.)*

SIDNEY—Come along, May. This our dance. *(They dance into other end of room.)*

(In a moment the stage is filled with gay couples, among them Paula and Don, Jean and Bob; and as these four circle around, the palms shake violently and a shrill, low whistle attracts their attention. Paula and Don stop abruptly.)

PAULA—Good gracious, Don! What was that? *(Before Don can answer, whistle is repeated.)* It comes from there. *(Points to palms. Cautiously Hal's head emerges.)* Hal!

HAL—Don't make a scene, Paula. Stand in front of me, you two, while I get out of this.

(Paula and Don act as a screen until Hal emerges from his hiding place. Jean and Bob have joined the circle, and the others have danced off stage.)

JEAN—What on earth are you doing here?

HAL—*(importantly)* Eavesdropping, Jean.

JEAN—But that isn't quite square, is it?

HAL—Perfectly square when you're listening to Macs. Isn't it, Bob?

BOB—All's fair in love and—rushing season.

PAULA—(catching Hal's sleeve) Something's happened. I just know it has.

HAL—Something is *about* to happen.

JEAN—Tell us—tell us!

HAL—Has any of you met a new girl by the name of Mary Smith? (*Silence as each shakes head.*) Well, she's here, and Tom Tucker has written the Macs about her; and she's a shark at everything in the athletic line.

PAULA—And, they've pledged her?

HAL—Not much! The boys are hunting for her.

DON—And it's up to us to do the same. That's what you're driving at, isn't it, Hal?

HAL—Sure.

JEAN—(*reflectively*) Mary Smith! Oh, what a commonplace name! We'll never find her. (*Sits between windows.*)

PAULA—While if she had been Gwendolyn Vere de Vere, she would have bobbed up serenely without any effort on our part. (*Crosses to Jean.*)

BOB—If that isn't just like a girl. (*Disgustedly.*) Talking about a name when getting the owner of it is the only thing to be considered.

JEAN—But we thought you boys would attend to that. Surely, you'll do for us what Sid and Sam are doing for Mac.

DON—(*ferociously*) We've never failed you yet, have we?

JEAN—You needn't be so touchy about it.

HAL—But we're just a bit late, after all. Sam has this dance with Miss Waverley.

PAULA—What has Miss Waverley to do with it?

HAL—She has charge of registration and will know just who Mary Smith is.

BOB—Well, that doesn't bother me one bit. (*Loftily.*) I don't depend upon any faculty member for help.

DON—Oh—don't you? What about exam time?

BOB—Don't be a chump, Don.

DON—No—only a detective. Let's start now and never stop until Mary Smith is captured.

HAL—But I'm not through with my story.

BOB—Hurry up, then.

HAL—Margery is having a house party for the Macs over the week-end.

JEAN—Oh, we know all about it.

HAL—And unless you're pretty smart and pretty quick, Mary Smith will be asked to the house party and will be pledged before she gets back on Monday morning.

JEAN—Oh-h-h!

HAL—That's a little bit more discouraging, isn't it?

PAULA—Nothing is ever so serious that it discourages Wac.

DON—That's the spirit.

BOB—(*as the music dies away*) There! The dance is over. Let's scatter.

DON—Better still, let's barricade Mary Smith. (*Starts off with Paula.*)

JEAN—But, Don—

DON—(*turning*) Yes?

JEAN—We'll want to hear what luck you boys have.

BOB—And naturally you'll want to be introduced to Mary Smith.

HAL—Then, why not meet in the domestic science room in about an hour?

BOB—Fine! (*as he and Jean rush off*) To the victor belongs the spoils.

PAULA—Think of any spoils being called Mary Smith. (*Sighs.*) Now, if it had been Gwendolyn—

DON—(*taking her arm*) What's in a name?—as our old friend, Bill Shakespeare, says. (*As Sam and Miss Waverley enter.*) Fine speech, Miss Waverley.

MISS W.—It's good of you to say so, Don (*laughingly*) especially since it was made to a Mac.

DON—Oh, we're generous-minded. And, even if the Macs have the cup, the Wacs have your name—and Waverley's a pretty good old name.

MISS W.—I'm rather fond of it, myself. (*Waves to disappearing Don and Paula.*)

SAM—I shouldn't wonder if you were partial to Wac, Miss Waverley. It wouldn't be strange, since it is named after you.

MISS W.—Oh, I appreciate my name being used, of course; but I try not to be partial to anyone, Sam. In my work it wouldn't do.

SAM—Of course not. (*Guides her to settee down left.*) Won't you sit down for a moment?

MISS W.—With pleasure. (*Fans herself.*) You dance as vigorously as you play football, Sam.

SAM—(*grinning*) Then we've been going some. Here—let me do that. (*Takes fan.*)

MISS W.—Such a nice-looking entering class—don't you think so?

SAM—Bully! (*Pauses.*) I suppose you know just who is who.

MISS W.—How do you mean?

SAM—Well—you know just—everybody.

MISS—Oh, dear me, no. I haven't had a chance as yet to get acquainted.

SAM—Pretty good at remembering names, aren't you?

MISS W.—Oh—not particularly.

SAM—(*after awkward pause*) Lots of girls are named Mary.

MISS W.—Oh, yes.

SAM—Funny little name, isn't it?

MISS W.—Not to me. I like it.

SAM—(*again pausing*) Ever hear of a Mary Smith?

MISS W.—Rather. She was my roommate at college.

SAM—I don't mean so far back as all that.

MISS W.—Far back! Oh, Sam—I haven't been out of college that long.

SAM—Great Scott, Miss Waverley, I never thought of such a thing. I just imagined that (*hesitating*) maybe—lately—you'd run across the name.

MISS W.—(*thoughtfully*) I wonder.

SAM—(*eagerly*) Perhaps in registering the new class.

MISS W.—But I haven't registered them.

SAM—What!

MISS W.—Not this year. (*Noting his crestfallen expression*) Why, Sam, you look as if I struck you a mortal blow.

SAM—(*forcing a smile*) Not quite that. But I *was* hoping that you could help me out.

MISS W.—Perhaps I can.

SAM—Well—(*hesitates.*)

MISS W.—I'm wondering if my helping out has anything to do with Mary Smith.

SAM—It certainly has.

MISS W.—And if Mary Smith happens to be someone in the entering class whom you particularly desire to meet.

SAM—Why, how did you ever guess it?

MISS W.—Even with advancing age, Sam, a few faculties have been spared me.

SAM—Come, now, Miss Waverley—and stop your kidding. Tell me—which one is Mary Smith.

MISS W.—I didn't say that I knew Mary Smith.

SAM—But you said that you'd help me out.

MISS W.—Of course I did. And, even if I don't *know* Mary Smith, I think I can point her out.

SAM—(*excitedly*) Where? Where?

MISS W.—Do you see the girl—third from the left—
—with the ruffled dress—the pink sash—

SAM—And the smily eyes?

MISS W.—Exactly. Well, somebody told me that her name is Mary Smith.

SAM—(*reflectively*) She is one peach, isn't she, Miss Waverley?

MISS W.—She is, indeed. (*Pause.*) And, now that you have discovered her, what do you intend to do?

SAM—Get acquainted, of course. (*Rises.*) Lead me to her. (*Miss Waverley laughingly rises and then suddenly clutches Sam's arm.*)

MISS W.—Look! You're too late!

SAM—Some—other—fellow. (*Pauses.*) Why, it's old Sid. (*Turns.*) That's all right, Miss Waverley—that's all right.

MISS W.—Now, if I were Sherlock Holmes, I'd say that this mysterious Mary Smith had something to do with Mac.

SAM—(*laughing*) What makes you think *that*? (*Music starts.*) The next dance—

MISS W.—Then take me to Bob. He's my partner. (*Thoughtfully.*) I wonder if *he'll* ask me about Mary Smith.

SAM—(*as they leave the room*) I wonder, too.

(*For a moment the stage is clear, then Sidney, smilingly attentive, enters with Mary Smith. Mary is impressed with her cavalier.*)

SIDNEY—Do you mind sitting out this dance?

MARY—Not a bit.

SIDNEY—A fellow can't get half acquainted on a crowded floor.

MARY—(*archly*) Neither can a girl.

SIDNEY—And, someway or other, I want to get acquainted with you.

MARY—You'll have all year to do it, won't you?

SIDNEY—No time like the present to begin.

MARY—Suits me.

SIDNEY—(*indicating settee between windows*) Shall we sit here?

MARY—It's quite pleasant. (*They seat themselves.*)

SIDNEY—And we can't be seen so plainly.

MARY—Why shouldn't we be seen plainly?

SIDNEY—For the simple reason that every fellow on the floor would be after my partner.

MARY—Well, I haven't noticed any particular rush in my direction.

SIDNEY—Then you've kept out of sight.

MARY—On the contrary, I've been very much in evidence.

SIDNEY—You're a stranger in the city, aren't you?

MARY—Why—how did you know?

SIDNEY—(*in confusion*) Oh—why—I just heard it. Little bird, you know.

MARY—The little bird must have been right on the job. For I've been here just three days.

SIDNEY—But you're here—that's the point.

MARY—And I'm here to stay.

SIDNEY—Know many people?

MARY—Just a few.

SIDNEY—Met any of the Macs?

MARY—The Macs? Oh—they're the girls who won the cup.

SIDNEY—You bet. Finest girls in the world.

MARY—The Wacs are nice, too—aren't they?

SIDNEY—Yes—they're nice—but—

MARY—But—what?

SIDNEY—Did I say "but"? That's funny.

MARY—(*looking to the right*) That's a pretty girl out there.

SIDNEY—That's a Mac—and she's coming this way.
(*Raises his voice.*) Oh, Madge! (*Rises.*)

(*Enter Madge, followed by Sam.*)

MADGE—Coming.

SIDNEY—I want you to meet Mary Smith. (*To Mary.*) This is Madge Miller, president of Mac. (*Mary rises.*)

MADGE—And, oh—so pleased to know you. You see we've heard so much about you.

MARY—But I've been here only three days.

MADGE—Then all your fame has preceded you.

MARY—(*bewildered*) My fame? I don't understand.

SAM—See here—can't I be introduced?

MADGE—How stupid of me. This is Sam Stuart, Mary. He's really very nice.

MARY—(*softly*) I'm sure he is.

SAM—And I'm wondering if you'll let me take you home tonight.

MARY—(*even more bewildered*) Why—why, my brother's coming for me.

SAM—We'll telephone him.

MARY—And I'm sure that mother would not approve when I don't know you.

SAM—(*eagerly*) But you're going to know me.

MARY—That isn't quite the same, is it?

SAM—Then we'll *all* go home in my car.

MARY—Oh, that will be lovely!

(*Madge beckons wildly. May and Margery answer the signal.*)

MADGE—Two more of the Macs, Mary: May Morgan and Margery Moore.

MARY—(*as the girls greet her effusively.*) Oh, everybody is so nice to me. Are you always this kind to strangers?

MAY—My dear, I've heard so much about you.

MARY—(*again bewildered*) But *how* have you heard about me? I just came.

MARGERY—I don't intend to rely upon any old school affair to get acquainted with *you*. Won't you be a member of the house party I'm having over the week-end?

MARY—Really—I don't know what to say. You take my breath away.

MAY—(*coaxingly*) Say yes.

SAM—Oh, come, now—do. We boys are at a nearby camp, and it will be jolly fun.

MARGERY—My mother will see your mother about it, and my sister is to chaperon—and—oh, say you'll come.

MARY—I'd love it—I'd just love it.

SIDNEY—Hooray!

SAM—Now, let's see. You and your brother will go home in my car with some of the rest of us; and tomorrow, early, the girls will come for you—and—(*half to himself*) that won't leave you alone a moment.

MARY—Why, you talk as if I were being guarded.

MADGE—(*slipping arm through Mary's*) Guarded! Nonsense! (*Madge and Mary, stroll to other end of room, followed by others.*)

(*Enter almost immediately, Don, accompanied by an attractive partner, Mary the Second.*)

DON—Do you mind sitting out this dance? (*Guides her to settee at left.*)

MARY SECOND—Not a bit.

DON—Seems so much more friendly-like than whizzing round the room. (*They seat themselves.*)

MARY SECOND—How very nice for you to ask for the dance. Someone had just spoken my name—Mary Smith—and—

DON—I whirled around and asked you.

MARY SECOND—What made you do it?

DON—Maybe I like the name, Mary.

MARY SECOND—It's a very everyday name.

DON—And, maybe I want to show a stranger a good time.

MARY SECOND—(*quickly*) How do you know I'm a stranger?

DON—(*embarrassed*) Well—oh, I just guessed it.

MARY—Do I look as lonesome as all that?

DON—*Are* you lonesome?

MARY SECOND—Frightfully.

DON—Have you met the Wacs?

MARY SECOND—The athletic club, you mean? (*As he nods.*) No, I haven't.

DON—Wouldn't you like to meet them?

MARY SECOND—Oh, yes.

DON—They're the finest girls in the world.

MARY SECOND—The Macs are nice, too, aren't they?

DON—Oh, yes—but—

MARY SECOND—What do you mean by "but"?

DON—Nothing at all. (*Suddenly*) There are two of the Wacs, now. (*Mary follows his gaze.*)

MARY SECOND—They're coming here.

DON—Of course they are. They want to meet you.

MARY SECOND—Oh, how lovely of them!

DON—(*rising*) Girls!

(*Enter Paula and Jean, followed by Bob and Hal.*)

PAULA—Yes, Don.

DON—This is Mary Smith.

(*Mary Second rises. The girls and boys stand at center. Simultaneously Paula and Jean clasp each other's hands in delight and triumph.*)

PAULA AND JEAN— Ah-h-h!

(*As curtain falls they rush toward the astonished Mary Second.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

(*The curtain rises upon the living room of a mountain cabin. Between the curtained windows is a rough stone fireplace and under the windows are seats covered with gay Navajo blankets and pillows. A rustic chair and table with lamp and magazines are down the left. On either side of the rustic settee on the right is a door, the one at upper right leading into a closet and the one at lower right leading into the other part of the house. Bright rugs cover the floor and at the left center is a door which leads outside. Before the open fire, Margery and May are popping corn, while Madge, on the seat at right of fireplace is knitting a gay-colored sweater. Mrs. Wood, by the table is lighting the lamp, while at the open door at left, Sidney and Mary are standing.*)

SIDNEY—Sure there's nothing else to do, Mrs. Wood?

MRS. WOOD—Perfectly sure. You've been a great help, Sidney. Indeed, I don't know what we should have done without you.

SIDNEY—(*importantly*) A man *is* rather necessary around a mountain home.

MRS. W.—So I'm finding out. If Mr. Wood hadn't been called away at the last moment, we shouldn't have made you such a beast of burden.

SIDNEY—I've liked it—I really have.

MRS. W.—It's good of you to say so.

MARGERY—And we're awfully obliged to you for helping with the dishes.

MAY—And bringing in the wood.

MADGE—And building the fire.

MARY—And showing me the wild flowers. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh, I love it here—I just love it.

SIDNEY—Isn't it lucky that our camping place is so near?

MRS. W.—Lucky for us. How many are in camp?
(*Sits by table.*)

SIDNEY—About a dozen.

MADGE—Any Wac followers?

SIDNEY—Sure. (*Grins.*) We forget all our differences when we're away from you girls.

MAY—When does Sam come?

SIDNEY—In the morning.

MARGERY—Then we'll see you both tomorrow?

SIDNEY—You bet. (*Pauses.*) Well, I'm off. If anything happens run up the red flag and we'll come to the rescue.

MARY—If anything happens? Why—what do you mean?

MADGE—Bandits, Mary—big, bold bandits.

MARGERY—And bears—growly, snoopy bears.

MAY—And Injuns—heap, big Injuns.

SIDNEY—Look at Mary's eyes. She's expecting bandits, bears and Injuns all at once.

MADGE—Remember that this is her first introduction to the wild and woolly west.

MAY—An initiation, we might call it.

MARGERY—With every sort of an attraction.

MRS. W.—You don't really believe all that nonsense, do you, Mary?

MARY—Well—not exactly—but—

MRS. W.—Bandits are out of style; bears have disappeared; and Injuns are found only in story books.

MARY—But everything seems just like a story book to me. It's all so wonderful.

SIDNEY—Well, this time I *am* off. (*Gay chorus of goodbyes; he slams door behind him.*)

MRS. W.—Sit by this lamp, Madge. You can't see so far off from the light. (*Rises.*)

MADGE—But you'll want to read.

MRS. W.—Not at present. There are many things to be done before bed time, so I must be about them.

(*Madge comes to chair.*)

MARY—Let me help.

MRS. W.—But you are the guest of honor, my dear.

MARY—Oh, no—not that.

MARGERY—Yes, you are.

MARY—Then, as guest of honor I should be allowed to do just what I most wish to do.

MAY—Of course.

MARY—Well—what I wish to do is—to help.

MRS. W.—(*who has crossed to lower door right*) Then you shall. (*Holds out her hand.*) Come along. (*Exeunt Mrs. W. and Mary.*)

(*Immediately Margery and May drop the corn popper and rush across to Madge, sitting on the floor by the chair.*)

MARGERY—Madge—it's awful!

MADGE—*Awful?* It's worse than that. (*Lays knitting on table.*)

MAY—What on earth are we to do?

MARGERY—Did you hear her say that she had never played tennis?

MADGE—(*groaning*) Oh—didn't I?

MAY—And that basket ball was too rough?

MARGERY—(*savagely*) Rather.

MADGE—And that she didn't know a thing about gym work?

MAY—I almost collapsed.

MARGERY—Champion tennis player, indeed!

MAY—Center on the basket ball team! Ugh!

MADGE—And up on all gym stunts.

(*Silence for a few moments.*)

MARGERY—We certainly have been stung.

MADGE—Horribly stung.

MAY—The wrong Mary Smith! Wouldn't people howl?

MARGERY—And wouldn't we die of mortification?

MADGE—(*hesitating*) Could we pledge her — in spite of it all?

MAY—When she's never been in a gymnasium?

MARGERY—And when we're trying to keep the cup?

MADGE—She's such a dear.

MARGERY—And she would learn.

MAY—And anyone who dances so beautifully could soon do other things.

MARGERY—She never loses her head.

MADGE—And she could make baskets as well as I.

MAY—(*sighing*) And she's so light on her feet!

MARGERY—Then—shall we do it?

MADGE—It's an awful risk, of course.

MAY—And what would the other Macs say?

MADGE—Remember that they left everything to our discretion.

MAY—But they might not regard such a stunt as—discretion.

MARGERY—Anything is better than being laughed at.

(*Enter Mary.*)

MARY—It's beginning to rain.

MADGE—Really?

MARY—Really. The old mountain is frowning at us dreadfully.

(*Clap of thunder and howling of wind.*)

MAY—(*shuddering*) I hate thunder and lightning.

MARY—I just love it. (*Perches on the arm of Madge's chair.*)

MARGERY—And the wind gives me the creeps.

MARY—It's just the night for a ghost story. Hasn't this house ever had a ghost, Margery?

MARGERY—Never. Disgusting, isn't it?

MARY—Maybe it's too scared of all you athletic stars. Even ghosts don't like to be pummelled.

MADGE—*(suddenly)* Haven't you ever had any gym work, Mary?

MARY—No. *(Just as suddenly)* Oh, yes, I have. Like this—one, two, three, four—*(goes through simple calisthenics)* That what you mean?

MADGE—Not exactly.

MARY—But I'm going in for it, now. After being with all you people who know so much I want to learn. *(Sits between May and Margery on the floor.)* As it is, I'm a misfit.

MARGERY—You couldn't be a misfit, Mary.

MARY—But I am. I was thinking only a moment ago that you Macs should have invited somebody else on this house party—somebody who shone in gym work—who could be asked to join.

(Silence. Mary looks at each in surprise, then she seems to understand.)

MARY—Oh—oh! I begin to see. You thought I was something I'm not—that I was worth rushing and pledging—and—

MAY—Now, Mary—

MARY—And now that you've found out how hopeless I am, you're dreadfully disappointed. Of course you *would* be disappointed.

MADGE—Mary!

MARY—I'm sorry—ever so sorry—but it really isn't my fault.

MARGERY—Listen, Mary, listen—

MAY—For we have our side of the story and we may as well tell you everything.

MADGE—*(after a pause)* We did hear of a Mary Smith who is a wonder in athletics, and we did think you were that Mary Smith.

MARY—And you've been nice to her—not to me—

MAY—Don't put it that way.

MARGERY—Because now that we've had you instead of her, we wouldn't trade, even if she had a hundred gym stars after her name.

MARY—Do you really mean that?

MADGE—We really do. That's why we're asking you to pledge, just the same.

MARY—Even when I've never been the least bit athletic?

MADGE—Of course. For we expect you to work up in all the gym stunts—and we know you can do it.

MARY—But, if I shouldn't?

MAY—But you will.

MARY—And if I should keep you from winning the cup again.

MARGERY—But you won't.

MARY—(*after a moment's reflection*) No, girls, I haven't the nerve to do it. If I had done something really worth while—something which showed that I had it in me to be a credit to you, I'd say yes. But until I prove myself—(*shakes her head*) No. (*Rises.*)

MARGERY—Please, Mary.

MARY—(*at center*) No—I won't change my mind. (*Pauses.*) But, if I gain my points when gym classes begin—and if you still want me—why—why—I'd love to join.

MADGE—Mary, dear, we want you now. (*Holds out her hands.*)

MAY—And for us the other Mary Smith doesn't exist.

MARY—(*sitting on Madge's chair*) The other Mary Smith! Isn't it all funny? (*Begins to laugh.*)

MARGERY—And a joke on us? (*Begins to laugh.*)

MAY—Think of the way we kidnaped you—

MADGE—And how we thought we had stolen a march on the Wacs.

(They look at one another, burst into laughter. As laughter dies away there is the slam of a heavy door.)

MAY—*(startled)* Where was that? *(Rises and crosses to center.)*

MARGERY—In the other part of the house, I think. It may—

(Enter Mrs. W., interrupting.)

MRS. W.—Did anyone go outside?

MARGERY—Why—no.

MRS. W.—I heard a door slam.

MARGERY—But we thought you had slammed it. *(Rises.)*

MRS. W.—Not at all. *(Pause.)* I wonder where it could have been. *(Exit.)*

MARY—Maybe there is a ghost, after all. Haven't you an underground passage, Margery—or a secret closet?

MARGERY—Will that one do? *(Points to upper door on the right.)*

(Mary crosses and tries the door.)

MARY—It's locked.

MARGERY—The key's in the door. Open it. *(Joins May on settee.)*

MARY—*(as she opens the door and looks in)* Oh, what a beautiful big one! It's more like a little room than a closet.

MARGERY—We keep jellies and jams and various other treasures in it.

MARY—And there's a little window 'way at the top.

MARGERY—For ventilation.

MARY—Well, there's nothing spooky about *that*. *(Closes door and locks it.)*

(Into the silence come three distinct taps.)

MADGE—What's that?

MAY—Somebody's outside.

MARGERY—It isn't just the sort of a knock that a visitor would give.

(Taps are repeated—short, staccato, and at regular intervals. Mrs. Wood comes to the door.)

MRS. W.—Who's knocking?

MARGERY—It isn't a regular knock—it's different.

MARY—Shall I open the door?

MRS. W.—No—better not. Lower the blinds, Margery. *(Margery obeys hesitatingly.)*

MAY—It's all very strange.

(As she speaks, a hollow, sepulchral groan is heard. The girls stifle their shrieks.)

MRS. W.—Don't be foolish, girls. *(Tries to hide her nervousness.)* It sounds like some animal in pain.

MARY—Then we should find it. *(Starts to door.)*

MRS. W.—Don't, Mary. Remember that we have no man with us and that we must run no risk.

MARY—But, Mrs. Wood, suppose that somebody is really hurt; that— *(Again the long, drawn-out cry.)* There it is again!

(All, with the exception of Mary and Mrs. W., have crowded together at right. Mrs. W. stands irresolute at center; Mary has her hand on knob of outer door.)

MRS. W.—I don't feel that it is safe to open the door—and yet, it seems very inhuman not to notice any such appeal.

MAY—Bolt the door, Mary—and come away.

(Thump! A blow on the door; another. Before the key can be turned or bolt slipped, door flies open and a figure appears; rain-soaked slouch hat pulled low over the forehead, a black mask almost covering the face; a sweeping mustache adds fierceness to his appearance, and a murderous looking pistol is leveled. "Hands up!" cries the bandit and the frightened girls obey without a word. Mrs. W. indignantly advances a step.)

MRS. W.—How dare you—how—

BANDIT—Hands up! (*Mrs. W. obeys.*)

(*Mary darts toward door, but the bandit is quicker, "Hands up!" He stands with back against door, one hand holding pistol, while with the other he locks door. Mary stamps her foot angrily and moves defiantly to the center.*)

MARY—I won't hold up my hands. (*Lowers hands.*) Now, what are you going to do about it?

MRS. W.—(*in warning*) Mary—Mary—be careful.

MARY—Put down your hands—all of you. (*As they hesitate*) Just try it—he can't do a thing. (*Girls lower their hands.*) Now, can you? (*Turns to bandit.*)

BANDIT—Oh, can't I? (*But he makes no move.*)

MARY—But what's the use? Hands up or hands down, you know you can get whatever you came for. (*Pause.*) What do you want, anyway?

BANDIT—What does a bandit usually want?

MARY—I really don't know. You see, I've never before talked to one.

(*Bandit seems disorganized. He moves uncertainly to right and flings open lower door.*)

MARY—(*cordially*) Walk right in. Everything's waiting for you.

BANDIT—See here, young lady—

MARY—The jewels are under our pillows—and the money is— (*catches her breath as if saving herself from revealing a secret*) Oh—Oh!

BANDIT—Is—where?

MARY—Is—just where we put it.

(*Bandit strides to fireplace. As if to protect them, Mrs. W. hurries to girls, and Margery crosses to Mary.*)

MARGERY—Something must be done, Mary. Think of some plan—quickly—*quickly*.

MARY—I am thinking of a plan, right now. Follow my lead, and don't be surprised at anything I may say or—

MARGERY—(as bandit comes toward them) Hush—he's coming.

MARY—(in a tone intended for him to hear) Don't let him go near the closet, Margery.

BANDIT—(quickly) What's that?

MARY—(as she crosses to closet) Oh—nothing.

BANDIT—Something about a closet.

MARGERY—Nonsense!

MARY—Why should anyone mention a closet? (With her back to closet she locks the door and keeps the key.)

BANDIT—That's just what I intend to find out. (He goes to Mary.) Stand aside. (She obeys. He tries the knob.) It's locked.

MARY—What of it?

BANDIT—Perhaps you'll unlock it.

MARY—Without a key?

BANDIT—You have the key.

MARY—What makes you think so? (Key falls from her hands.)

BANDIT—That. (Dives for the key.)

(Mary is too quick. Regains key. Defiantly stands before the door.)

MARY—Please don't ask to see inside—please don't!

BANDIT—Open the door.

MARY—I can't—I just can't.

BANDIT—Open the door. (Comes closer and raises the pistol.)

MARY—Don't—don't!

BANDIT—I sha'n't hurt you.

MARY—Then put down that pistol. (In an agony of fear.) If you'll put it down I'll open the door.

BANDIT—(impatiently) But I won't hurt you.

MARY—Put it down and I'll open the door. Oh, please put it down.

BANDIT—(*placing pistol on floor*) Now. Open the door.

(*Mary turns, places key in lock and throws open the door. Overpowered with curiosity, the bandit steps in.*)

MARY—Oh, please don't look into the corner.

(*Bandit deliberately goes a step farther. Just as deliberately, Mary gives him a little push, slams door, locks it, catches up the pistol and stands guard.*)

MRS. W.—Mary!

MARY—Didn't my little scheme work out all right?

MADGE—You mean that—

MARY—I intended him to do just what he did? Exactly. (*Laughs.*) Boys have just as much curiosity as girls; and when I pretended that there was really something in that closet, he—

(*Bandit pounds and kicks upon door and accompanies the noise with frequent cries of "Let me out! Let me out!" At the first lull in the tumult, Mary puts her mouth to the keyhole.*)

MARY—Make yourself quite at home. There are jellies and jams on the shelf, and in the morning we'll throw some hot coffee in the window.

(*Again the interruption of the enraged prisoner.*)

MAY—How did you ever dare to do it, Mary? A real bandit, and—

MARY—Real bandit, nothing!

MARGERY—What do you mean?

MARY—Do you think a real bandit would do a silly thing like that? Or that he'd let go of his revolver? Or—(*hesitates.*)

MAY—Or what?

MARY—That I would have dared to talk to him as I did?

MRS. W.—But, how do you know?

MARY—I just know—that's all.

MRS. W.—Do you suppose he has been trying to frighten us with the tapping and groaning?

MARY—Of course. And he probably slammed the door.

MADGE—But if he isn't a bandit—

MARY—Who is he? (*Pauses.*) Well, that's just what we're going to find out.

(*Curtain falls upon Mary and Margery dramatically guarding the prisoner, Madge and May bolting the door, and Mrs. W. a trifle bewildered, at center.*)

(*Curtain is lowered only a few moments. When it rises, the morning light is trying to peep through the blinds and the lamp is still burning. Mrs. W. is asleep in the chair by the table; Margery and Mary, bolstered by pillows, still on guard, are lying before closet door; on one window seat is Madge and on the other, May. Suddenly the quiet is broken for May has rolled off the seat and has fallen to the floor with a bang. Madge awakens with a shriek; Mrs. Wood starts anxiously from chair; Margery rises, half asleep; and Mary raises the revolver with a shrill "Hands up!"*)

MADGE—(*as she realizes the situation*) Oh! It's just you, May, isn't it?

MAY—Just me! Well, I think I've broken my back.

MARGER—(*yawning*) No, you haven't. (*Stretching out her arms.*) Gracious, what a night!

MAY—(*peevishly*) Stop pointing that thing at me, Mary.

MARY—It isn't loaded.

MAY—You don't know.

MARY—But I do know. I showed you last night that there wasn't a single bullet in it.

MADGE—Think of a bandit without bullets.

MARY—Bandit—*nothing!*

MAY—Oh, let's talk of something besides that bandit.

MRS. W.—Breakfast, for example. I'll freshen up a bit and hurry to the kitchen. (*Puts out the lamp.*) Do raise the blinds, girls, and let in the sunshine. (*Exit.*)

(*Margery and Madge raise the blinds, open windows and straighten the room. Mary seats herself upon the settee; May once more settles herself upon window seat.*)

MARGERY—Lazy thing—get up.

MAY—(*aggrieved*) I'm tired, and sleepy, and nervous. I never again expect to spend such an awful night.

MARGERY—(*briskly*) Nobody does.

MAY—I wonder if he's still there. (*Points to the closet door.*) Suppose you peek, Mary.

MARY—Not much. He might surprise *me*—and I don't care for that.

MARGERY—He's a stupid bandit.

MARY—Stupid! I should say so. To think that he'd let a girl get the best of him.

MADGE—(*suddenly*) Girls, before we do another thing—even before we have breakfast—let's pledge Mary. (*From the end of mantel she takes a tiny knot of pink and blue ribbon.*)

MARGERY—Pledge her? Well—rather!

MARY—Oh, no, no! Not until I do something worth while; not until I prove myself.

MADGE—*Prove yourself!* Well, if you haven't proved yourself by this night's work, I don't know what's left for you.

MAY—(*groaning*) Nothing could have been worse than this experience.

MADGE—(*in front of fireplace*) Mary, come here. (*Speaks in stern, dictatorial tones. Mary slowly crosses the room.*) Kneel. (*Mary kneels.*) As president of the Morey Athletic Club, I hereby place these ribbons upon you—a symbol of allegiance, awarded because of your great bravery—

MARGERY—(*who, with May, is standing by*) Your victory over the bandit—

MAY—And your ability to handle that pistol.

MADGE—(*as the ribbons are placed upon Mary*) Rise, Mary Smith, pledged member of Mac.

MARY—(*as she rises and grasps the hands of the girls*) Oh, girls—girls! It's all so wonderful, and I'm so happy!

(*Timid rap at the door, followed by a bolder one. Mary rushes back to her guard duty, Madge and May withdraw to the fireplace, but Margery hastens to unbolt the door.*)

MARGERY—Isn't it strange how brave one can be in daytime? (*Throws back the door and there stand Hal and Don, very much abashed and ill at ease.*)

HAL—(*grinning sheepishly*) Good—good morning.

MARGERY—Good morning. Won't you come in—both of you? (*They step inside.*)

DON—I suppose you're wondering why we've come so early.

MARGERY—Do I look surprised? I'm trying to act as if I think a call before breakfast is the most natural thing in the world.

HAL—(*after a pause*) Have you seen Bob?

MARGERY—Bob? Why, no. Isn't he in camp with you?

HAL—He was—but he isn't.

MADGE—(*as she and May join Margery*) That sounds intelligent. What are you boys after?

DON—After Bob.

MAY—But how should we know about Bob?

DON—Because—because—why—oh, you tell 'em, Hal.

HAL—I don't know just how to go about it.

DON—(*desperately*) You see, Bob was pretty keen on knowing who was at your house party, Margery.

MARGERY—That was none of Bob's business.

DON—Well, he seemed to think it was.

MARGERY—And how did he plan to find out?

DON—By—by a sort of disguise.

MARGERY—(*sharply*) What sort of a disguise?

MAY—And how was he to get in?

MADGE—And how—

(*Mary waves the revolver dramatically and points to the closet.*)

HAL—(*pointing to the gun*) That's his pistol!

MARGERY—*His pistol! (Furiously.)* Do you mean to say that Bob was the bandit?

HAL—He wasn't exactly a bandit—but—

MADGE—He dared to force himself into our midst—he tried to frighten us by groaning and tapping and—

HAL—Oh, come now, Madge.

DON—It was only a joke—and—

MARGERY—Joke! Joke! When have house-breaking and highway robbery and frightening people been jokes? (*Strides to chair and seats herself emphatically.*)

HAL—You don't understand—

MADGE—We understand enough to know that Bob's been breaking the law and that he deserves to be punished. (*She and May stand near Margery.*)

MARY—(*still waving revolver and pointing to the closet*) He is punished.

HAL—(*nervously, as he moves to center*) What do you mean?

DON—And why do you keep pointing at that door?

MARY—(*solemnly*) He is punished.

HAL—What's in that closet?

MARY—It's the Chamber of Horrors; it's worse than the little cubbyhole where Bluebeard hung all his wives.

MARGERY—I'm sorry, boys, but—

HAL—But, what?

MARGERY—I don't know just how to tell you, but I think you'll understand, and I'm sure you won't blame us.

DON—Blame you for what?

MARGERY—For shooting him.

DON—Shooting him?

MARGERY—(*in surprise*) What else could we do? We thought he was a highway robber—we knew we were in danger—

MAY—(*with great satisfaction*) And so we shot him.

HAL—His pistol wasn't loaded.

MADGE—(*airily*) There are other pistols.

MARGERY—And—(*pointing to the closet*) he's in there. The cross shows where the body was dragged.

DON—(*wholly disorganized*) You'll pay up for this—you'll go to jail—you'll—

(*At this point a bombardment of blows on the closet door; cries of "I'm not shot," and "I'm not dead," incite his comrades to noble action.*)

HAL—He's not shot—he's not dead!

MARGERY—That seems to be what he's telling you.

DON—And we'll show you whether you can lock him in.

(*They rush to closet but Mary is ahead of them. She unlocks the door, throws it back with a flourish and Bob emerges. His hair is tousled; the mask hangs around his neck; the mustache has been loosened and clings only to one side of his lip; his face is flushed with anger. He confronts the demure Mary and shakes his fist.*)

BOB—How dare you lock me in—how dare you?

(*Mary begins to laugh; and each time she looks at Bob, she laughs the harder.*)

MARY—I—I—

BOB—What's the matter with you?

MARY—Oh, you look so funny I can't help it.

(In a moment all begin to laugh and in the midst of the hilarity, Bob rushes furiously from the room.)

MADGE—My, but he's mad! And he deserves every bit of what he got.

MAY—Deserves it? Rather!

MARGERY—And now, boys, since Bob wasn't polite enough to apologize, we should like a few words from you.

HAL—It was a rude thing to do, Margery—I see it now; and I'm truly sorry about it.

DON—And so am I. And so is Bob, although at present, his pride is so hurt that he won't confess it.

MARGERY—And while you're busy with apologies, you might as well own up that you were afraid we had captured some girl that Wac wanted.

HAL—Well— something like that, maybe.

MADGE—Then—behold our new pledge. *(Presents Mary with great pride.)* Mary Smith.

HAL—Mary Smith! *(Dumfounded.)* Mary Smith!

MADGE—Why not, I'd like to know.

DON—But Wac has Mary Smith.

MARGERY—Indeed! And how did Wac get Mary Smith?

(Honk of an automobile sounds and May runs to the window.)

MAY—Why, it's Paula—and Jean—and somebody else. *(Waving and beckoning to them.)* Come on in. *(Don rushes out.)*

MARGERY—What on earth are they doing up here so early in the morning?

HAL—They're spending the day at the ranch and took an early start.

(Enter Paula, followed by Jean, Mary Second and Don. Paula very airily flits from one girl to the other.)

PAULA—So glad to see you all—really didn't know

whether to stop or not, because it is so early, but *did* want you to meet Wac's new pledge. Step forth, Mary, dear, and be introduced. Mary Smith, everybody.

MADGE—And we want you to meet our new pledge. (*With a flourish.*) Mary Smith, everybody.

JEAN—But *we* have Mary Smith.

MARGERY—And so have we.

DON—(*whistling*) Two Mary Smiths. Can you beat it?

MAY—Two Mary Smiths. Just like two Uncle Toms, two Topsyies and two little Evas. My head is going round and round.

MARGERY—(*to Mary Second, who has stepped timidly forward during the silence following the announcement of her pledging*) So you're the tennis champion?

MARY SECOND—Oh, no—no—

MAY—And the center on the basket ball team.

MARY SECOND—I've never played basket ball.

MADGE—And the shark at all the gym stunts.

MARY SECOND—Oh, I wish I were.

PAULA—Mary will be all of these things if you'll give her a chance.

MADGE—And so will our Mary.

MARGERY—But, who's the real Mary?

(*A whistle sounds. Sam and Sidney appear at the window.*)

SIDNEY—Morning, everybody! My, what a mob! Gathering of the clans, isn't it?

(*The Macs have withdrawn to the right of the stage and the Wacs to the left.*)

MARGERY—Solve the puzzle, Sam. You're the one who got us into it.

SAM—(*as he and Sidney climb to window seat*) What puzzle?

MARGERY—The two Mary Smiths.

SAM—The *two* Mary Smiths?

MARGERY—Exactly. We have one (*pointing to Mary*) and the Wacs have one. (*Points to Mary Second.*) Now, which is which?

SAM—(*flourishing a letter*) Wait just a moment. Because Tom Tucker's sent me another letter. Now, listen to this: (*Reads.*) Tell the Macs that I gave them the wrong dope. For the athletic whiz, named Mary Smith decided to go to another school. Sorry. (*Astonished pause. Then a great howl of merriment.*)

PAULA—Isn't it the funniest thing you ever heard?

MADGE—The very funniest.

MAY—And isn't it comforting to know that the good luck fairy likes one of us just as well as she likes the other?

JEAN—Because each of us has drawn a Mary Smith.

PAULA—Well, I hate to leave at this exciting point, but we must be on our way.

MARGERY—(*as she crosses to the lower door on the right*) Not until everyone has a cup of coffee and drinks to the pledging of Mary Smith!

(*As Margery passes through the door, Sam and Sidney jump from the window into the room and the curtain falls upon the general merry-making.*)

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